Grief

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Grief

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will sits in the study and drinks whiskey. He finds himself full of ominous, all-encompassing grief even though he doesn't know the reason for it.

Notes

Martha de Laurentiis, the backbone of the creative team behind the "Hannibal" movies and the show "Hannibal", has died of cancer. This shocked me. It's a terrible blow to the fannibal family. I needed to get my feelings out and this is the result. I projected my feelings onto Will. He feels kind of sad but he doesn't know why and this is how I feel after the news. The only difference is that I know. And Will can't know that.

Rest in peace, Martha 💜

A strong wind blew over Hannibal and Will's coastal house. In the distance, the waves of the wild sea crashed against the sharp rocks. White foam flew up into the air and connected with the rain drops pouring down from the clouds. Barely any fishing vessels or another boat dared to cross the savage ocean today. In the comfort of their house, Will kept his gaze fixed at the sea whilst lounging in the comfortable brown leather chair, casually sipping from the tumbler of Bourbon.The marble fireplace was cold, the lights were switched off.

The moody ambiance mirrored his strange state of mind. Will tried to make sense of his onslaught of dark emotions. A heavy sadness loomed over him and Will couldn't get to the reason behind it. It was as if something terrible had happened without his knowledge. Will recognised he was grieving but he didn't exactly know who or what he was grieving for. Thousands of people died every day without his awareness. And yet there was a shift in the balance of the universe he found himself living in.

Winston, his old furry friend, nudged his head against his knees and Will stroked his fur absent-mindedly. A small smile tugged at his lips as he looked at the mutt. At least his furry companion was still alive. His thoughts wandered to Hannibal. Will hoped that nothing happened to him. He withdrew the smartphone from his pocket and thought about giving Hannibal a call to ensure he hadn't been abducted or killed.

A snort escaped him and Will shook his head at the ridiculous thought. Hannibal had merely been absent for thirty minutes, there was no need to worry about his well-being in this little village. That man knew how to defend himself and escape a dangerous situation. Besides, Chiyoh warned them on a regular basis and she hadn't alerted them in two weeks. From that and the missing articles about them on Tattlecrime, Will deduced that the authorities didn't seem to bother anymore. Well, Jack was a variable, but he would have acted by now.

Don't be ridiculous, Will thought as that feeling of uneasiness and worry still buzzed inside his head like a swarm of annoying flies.

Will erased the message, locked the screen with his right thumb and placed the phone on the table. He picked up the glass and led it to his mouth again, savouring the remaining amber liquid and the following light burn in his throat. Alcohol was not a good coping mechanism, he knew it too well, but old habits were hard to shake off. At least he didn't drink as much as before.

The sound of keys opening the door and the door falling shut, followed by smooth footsteps and rustling, made Will relax his posture, but he didn't have the energy to get up and greet his lover. Today it had been taken away by his mind.

"Will?"

"I'm in the study."

The sound of footsteps walking over the wooden flooring got louder. A minute later, the maroon oak door, which connected the study with the other rooms of the house opened with a creak. Hannibal, his grey-white hair slightly tousled and wet from the rain, stepped into the study. He wore a plain, grey cashmere jumper and a pair of navy blue jeans. His beard was growing back. A stubble graced his prominent cheeks.

Hannibal assessed Will and his brooding posture with curiosity and concern for a brief moment. "It's cold in here ," he remarked. "I couldn't be bothered with the fire," Will replied with an indifferent shrug. "I'm not cold."

Hannibal scrutinized him again with his piercing, dark eyes, then went to the grey fireplace and picked up some wood logs from a pile on the shelf and put it into the fireplace.When the pile was arranged, he struck a long lighting match and lit the fireplace lighter. A flame sprung to life and consumed the paper and the wood. Satisfied with the result, Hannibal straightened his upper body.

"Something seems to weigh on your mind today," Hannibal remarked in his smooth voice. He placed the lighters back on the shelf. "You are grieving. I wonder why that is."

Having ensured the flame wouldn't go out again, he crossed the small distance in the room and came to a halt behind the chair. He bent forward and touched Will's shoulders.

His lover raised one eyebrow in a playful manner and tilted his head over his shoulder.

"Are you asking as my therapist or as my husband?"

The roaring fire illuminated the room with an orange-yellow glow and created a cozy atmosphere.

Hannibal brought his lips to the crown of Will's dark brown curls and his temple with the scar. He left gentle kisses on his forehead. His hands felt the tension in his back so he began to knead Will's tense muscles. Despite that, Will remained indifferent to the attempt of soothing him.

"I'm asking you as your husband and lover," Hannibal replied with a light chuckle. "I'm not there to torture your psyche with psychoanalysis. Not anymore."

This earned him a grunt. He continued to massage Will's shoulders in a gentle, steady rhythm as he waited for Will to come forward with his emotions. A pleased sigh indicated that Will started to indulge himself in the act of service Hannibal was giving him.

After hesitating for a moment, Will decided it was best to vent. He wanted to let go of that ominous sadness and grief pulling his mood down.

"I feel sad. As if I feel the crushing weight of the world. As if I was mourning a death. I don't know the reason," he said. "It has nothing to do with our past, regrets or unsaid words."

Hannibal remained silent and waited for an elaboration while his hands worked on Will's shoulder, especially his right with the scar by Dolarhyde.

"I have this strange feeling that someone important left the world," Will finally admitted quietly. "I don't know who. But it's someone who was so vital to the world we live in."

"People die every day. Politicians, civilians, mothers, fathers, children. Rich people, poor people. The healthy and the ill. Thousands of people die in a single heartbeat," Hannibal remarked. "They pass away without us ever being aware of their existence."

"Yes, I know," Will sighed. "My mind is so weird. I don't even have the faintest idea about why I'm behaving like this. Why do I grieve for someone I don't even know?"

He put his head back and stared at Hannibal from this upside-down angle.

That sight of Will gaping up at him like that tempted Hannibal to kiss him a second time. The older man smiled and bent down again to press his lips against Will's for a soothing, reassuring kiss. Their scruffy beards scratched against each other for a moment. His tongue darted out and tasted the remains of whiskey while his right hand abandoned his shoulder and stroked across Will's scarred cheek. Instantly, Will leaned into the gentle caress.

“We all have days like this, darling. These days, when we don’t know what is wrong. Sometimes I do have them as well. Even if it’s not empathy for people dying out there.”

Will blinked in astonishment. “You do? But you never tell me.” His voice carried traces of mild reproach.

“It’s alright.I find myself composing or drawing when I am in a strange, brooding mood like this.”

He moved his hand gently through Will’s curls and massaged his scalp, eliciting further pleasant noises from his husband.

“I just don’t know what to do with myself today. I can’t go fishing or work on my motor parts,” Will said. “Here I am, succumbing to my addiction to alcohol again.”

“Should we play something together?” Hannibal suggested. “I could teach you something new. Or cooking perhaps? You have always enjoyed cooking with me.”

Will contemplated his suggestion for a brief moment. Nope, playing the piano or cooking were out of the question.

“I have another idea. Could we just snuggle on the couch in the living room or in bed for one or two hour? Could you hold me and tell me it’s going to be okay? This is all I want right now…”

Hannibal bestowed him with a warm, loving smile and traced the faint forehead scar with his finger. “Most certainly, mylimasis.”

He drew back his hands and stepped back as Will pushed himself off the armchair. Winston whined as he moved out of the chair and jumped up from his dog bed, too.

“Shall we?” Will asked with a wry smile as Hannibal stood close to him.

“After you,” Hannibal replied with a slightly wicked smile. This time, none of them would hurt each other.

Winston followed them, albeit he moved slowly due to his age and dragged his right stiff hind leg behind him.

On the vast, extended black leather couch in the living room, Will laid down on his side, facing the inside of the couch and pulled his knees up. Hannibal pulled a warming blanket over them both and laid down behind Will. He adjusted his position until he was comfortable and wrapped his arm around his waist.

Will let out a purring noise as Hannibal’s body pressed closer to him. He brought his hand down to Hannibal’s hand and entwined their fingers. Hannibal nuzzled his neck. “It’s going to be alright, Will,” he whispered. “You will be alright.”

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